

The Truth

by Cybra

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Summary: What if an accident really wasn't an accident? What if that so-called accident...was murder...?

1. The Truth Part 1

The Truth Part 1

>by Cybra

>AN: We needed a little mystery on this site! Okay, here's what I've been wondering for the past few weeks after I learned that Izzy's parents died in a car accident: "What if that accident hadn't really been an accident?" And thus! A new story was born! Crud, I'm going to be working on two series at once! OH WELL! This takes place after they return to the real world and the evil Digimon are defeated. Yes, Junpuu is in this story. Also, if you read the "Mrs. Brisby and the Rats of NIMH", you should recognize one of the locations.

>
Disclaimer: I need one, don't I? Crud. Well, I don't own Digimon. There. Now you can't sue me.

>
TEN YEARS AGO...

>
Kojiro and his wife Ami drove along the brightly lit streets of Tokyo towards one of the finest restaurants in the city. They were coming toward a bridge as they drove through the Odaiba district. He smiled as he thought of how his distant cousin Osamu and his wife Junsu had been overjoyed when he asked them first to take care of his son Koushiro. Still, he would've taken Koushiro with him...only Koushiro was sick. However, Kojiro knew that his son would be better before his first birthday, it was three months away. Ami knew that, too, but she still worried.

>
"We'll take good care of Koushiro," Junsu had reassured Ami.

>
Kojiro had then led Ami out to the car. He had smiled at his wife, hoping to reassure her. Then he had started up the car and drove off, his cousin waving at him as he and Ami drove off.

>
His wife had been quiet for several minutes until she finally spoke up.

>
"I'm sorry, Kojiro, it's just that...I've never seen him that sick before. I feel terrible abandoning him like this," Ami admitted.

>
"We're not abandoning him, Ami. Look, Koushiro will be just fine. Osamu and Junsu know what they're doing. They've raised a kid before."

>
Kojiro suddenly stopped, biting his tongue. There were actually two children in the family named "Koushiro". One was his own son. The other was Osamu and Junsu's son. However, a few days before Kojiro and Ami's child was born, Osamu and Junsu's son died. To honor the lost child, Kojiro and Ami decided to name their son after Osamu and Junsu's son.

>
"Yes, I know," Ami said, missing the sudden stop on Kojiro's part. "Still, I think we should be home with him."

>
"Now, Ami, relax. This was supposed to be a night out with the family to just have a little fun. Now it's just down to you and me. Besides, the two of us needed to be alone for a few hours," he stated, teasing her.

>
She lightly punched him in the arm. She liked the teasing, but sometimes he could do it too much. Kojiro turned up onto the bridge. What happened next went so fast that Kojiro barely had time to react to it.

>
"Holy---!!!" Kojiro began to swear as he slammed on his breaks.

>
The car in front of them had had its engine stall. Kojiro silently thanked the stars for them getting a new car with anti-lock brakes. However, those brakes didn't work. They skidded. The distance between the car in front of them and themselves grew smaller and smaller.

>
Ami was in the passenger's seat, screaming her head off. Kojiro saw he was boxed in as he tried to find a way to swerve around the car. He decided to try a trick his uncle had taught him when he was 16. He jerked the wheel to the right and tried to apply the brakes again. The tires squealed as the car began to come to a stop when the car behind them plowed into them. The car completely spun out of control as they hit the guardrail and went over the side.

>
Twelve hours later, the sad news came that Kojiro had died in the hospital and his wife Ami died a few minutes afterward. Osamu and Junsu were asked if they would be willing to take care of Koushiro to which they said yes. On the way back from the hospital, Osamu and Junsu talked.

>
"Should we tell Koushiro about it once he's old enough to understand?" Junsu asked.

>
"I don't think we should, dear. I think we should wait longer than that. When we're sure he's ready," her husband told her.

>
Junsu frowned, but nodded in agreement.

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><br>PRESENT DAY...

><br>Miss Naru, Izzy and Junpoo's teacher, went through the results of the intelligence test Principal Fukachi had made them take. The principal had said that a few scientists had come by with extreme interest in the results of her teaching. She had said it was the kids that really did it, she just helped them along. However, they had wanted hard-core data.

><br>"Junpoo has a nice rating," Miss Naru commented with a smile.

"Let's see about Izzy...oh, my."

><br>Izzy's rating was exceptionally high for a 10-year old. She had suspected that his rating would be extremely high...but not THIS high! The teacher placed the results in an envelope and wrote the address of the center that had requested it: the National Institute of Mental Health.

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>
"What do ya know? That school actually complied with our request!" one of the scientists said in pleasantly-surprised tone of voice.

>
"Well, Odaiba Elementary has always been compliant whenever we need data on children," another scientist, a woman this time, stated.

>
"Yeah, Kasumi, but you have to admit, this is pretty amazing that they actually sent the results back so fast!"

>
Dr. Yaten smiled, her green eyes shining. "Yeah, but remember, that class only had two students, Satoshi."

>
Dr. Hotaru nodded. He walked down the hallway, towering above everyone, with the results in his hand. He looked at the names again. Junpuu Hino. Koushiro Izumi. On the second name, he did a double take. No, it couldn't be.

>
"Well, I'll be. Looks like Kojiro's son is doing well for himself."

>
Professor Kojiro Izumi had been a mathematician at Tokyo University for several years. He and Dr. Hotaru had been close friends and the two had talked about everything, even though their fields were different from each other. It had ripped Dr. Hotaru's heart out when he'd learned that Kojiro and his wife Ami had been killed in a car accident.

>
"Kojiro, wherever you are now, I'd like to see your son sometime, if that's all right with you," he murmured. However, Dr. Hotaru knew that his friend would've requested that he visit his godchild.

>
The psychologist made up his mind. He knew some other friends of Professor Izumi who would want to see this information and know that Koushiro was alive and well. After all, the boy had seemed to drop off the face of the earth after his parents had died. He drove off in his car to the university.

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><br>Another scientist, this time a mathematician, looked over the results. He, too, did a double take on the name "Izumi". However, this wasn't a pleasant double-take. A look of horror crossed his features.

><br>"God, no. Tell me that one of them isn't still alive," he whispered.

><br>Pictures and other personal data had been included in the two children's folders. He reached into the folder of Koushiro Izumi with a shaking hand and pulled out a recent picture of the child.

><br>The boy was smiling a little uncomfortably, making the smile seem sort of crooked. His dark eyes shone under what had to be the effect of a large flash bulb, but intelligence shone in those eyes as well. His wild red hair made his eyes seem to stand out more. The orange shirt showed off a strange pendant around his neck. However,

the boy was the spitting image of the man the scientist had hated all those years ago.

><br>"He wasn't in the car. Oh God, he wasn't in the car..." he whispered in horror.

><br>His perfect plan hadn't completely worked. Professor Izumi and his wife were dead, but their son still lived! What if he knew something about it? The man quickly made up his mind. However there was one thing that he knew:

><br>It wouldn't be easy to complete a job that had been started 10 years ago.

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"I'm home!" Izzy informed his parents as he walked through the door.

>
Mrs. Izumi jerked at his voice and quickly hid what she had been working on. There were only 2 weeks left before his birthday and she didn't want the surprise to be spoiled. He'd be so thrilled!

>
Joe, Tai, and Sora had lost touch with Izzy after returning from the Digiworld since they were very busy. Mimi would acknowledge his existence in the halls at school...then turn back to her friends. However, Kari, Matt, and TK had managed to keep in touch with the boy. Matt was one of Mrs. Izumi's present 2 partners in crime. He had proved to be invaluable in setting all this up. Not to mention Junpuu.

>
However, as Izzy came closer to being one year older, he had started asking constant questions. All of them about his real father and mother. In order to get him out of the house so she and her husband would be able to work in peace, she'd given him the assignment to research as much as he could on his parents. He'd spent every afternoon at the library for the past week trying to find out information.

>
"Hi, Mom!" Izzy greeted her.

>
"You're home early," she commented, trying to keep her voice normal and not sound like the dog that got caught with the cat's tail in its mouth.

>
"Junpuu said that she had some stuff to do and I couldn't come with her," Izzy informed her.

>
He went into his room and pulled out a disk. Written on it was "Izumi Project" which he kept the notes for his research on. He slipped the disk into his backpack and set off towards the library.

>
Miss Naru had heard about this little project and had asked both him and Junpuu to do genealogy assignments. Junpuu's great-aunt had been obsessed with the family tree before she died, so the whole history of her family was in a neat little spiral-bound book. All she had to do was get those facts in to Miss Naru. Izzy had to work for his information.

>
He went to the door again.

>
"Bye, Mom!" he called.

>
"Bye, Izzy!" she answered.

>
Izzy went down the stairs, meeting Matt on his way down. Matt was hurrying up the stairs, like he was late for something.

>
"Hi, Matt! What're you doing here?" he greeted.

>
Matt did a double-take, looking very much like the dog that had gotten caught with the cat's tail in his mouth. His mind went blank for a moment as Izzy waited patiently for an answer.

>
"I...uh...came up here to talk to a friend! That's it!" Matt said, coming up with a quick excuse. "I'm kinda late, Izzy. Talk to ya later?"

>
Izzy nodded and continued on his way down. Matt didn't let out the breath he'd been holding until he saw Izzy ride away towards the library on his bicycle.

>
"Almost blew it right there," Matt muttered to himself.

>
"Smooth move, my friend," a familiar voice congratulated sarcastically.

>
Matt whirled to see Junpuu...or he thought it was Junpuu. There were so many bags in her arms that he could hardly recognize her.

>
"Junpuu?" he asked warily.

>
"No, it's the UPS man. Of course it's me!" She shifted the bags. "Little help here?"

>
Matt complied and relieved her of about half the bags. The two continued together, talking as if nothing was out of the ordinary.

>
Junpuu shifted one of the bags to ring the buzzer. Mrs. Izumi looked out the door to see them.

>
"Finally! I was beginning to worry!" she said, helping the two of them get inside.

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><br>"Back again?" the librarian teased. "Same year on the microfilms?"

><br>Izzy nodded. As the woman left to go fetch them, another boy walked up to the desk.

><br>"Miss? Uh...Miss?" he called quietly, not wanting to disturb the other people in the library. Izzy kept his eyes focused on where the woman had disappeared, but looked at the other boy when he said, "Izzy? Is that really you?"

><br>It was Tai! Izzy returned the smile that the older boy gave him easily. Tai couldn't help but notice the small thin string peeking up over Izzy's shirt collar. He knew what it was immediately.

><br>"You still have it?" Tai asked, amazed that Izzy would keep such a trinket. Especially since it would remind him of his adventures in the Digiworld.

><br>Izzy nodded as he pulled out the Crest of Knowledge. The tag and Crest looked out of place in the human world. That's when the librarian came back. He hastily shoved the Crest back into his shirt.

><br>"Here you go. Good luck!" she said.

><br>Tai watched as Izzy wandered over to where the microfilm viewers were. He quickly got the microfilm he needed in order to do his work (a project on an excavation nearby that had taken place 5 years ago) and followed Izzy. He hadn't seen the younger boy in weeks.

><br>"What're you working on?"

><br>"Miss Naru is having us work on genealogy projects and trace our families back at least 3 generations. I need to find out exactly who my parents were," Izzy explained in a hushed tone of voice.

><br>Both of them went to work in silence.

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>
An hour later, Izzy's eyes hurt from staring at the microfilm screen so much. It was hard to read the writing and sometimes he had to cross his eyes just to read it right. However, he finally struck pay dirt.

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><br>"Nobel Prize Winning Mathematician Dies in Wreck  
>"Professor Kojiro Izumi and his wife Ami died last night after plunging into the bay near the Odaiba district. After spending 12 hours in the hospital, both of them died from hypothermia and other injuries sustained during the plunge. A funeral will be held for them on Thursday, November 17.<br>  
>"Professor Izumi lectured at Tokyo University. While having enemies, he had many friends who will miss him very much. Mrs. Izumi sold homemade baked goods in various stores and supermarkets. She, also, will be missed.<br>  
>"Professor Izumi is well-known for winning the Nobel Peace Prize for his work in agriculture. Using a complex number system, he figured out exactly when farmers should plant which crops at what times for greater food production. This has increased food production by about 1.5%. It may not seem like much, but it is very important to starving families."<br>

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>Izzy felt slightly ill. His parents had suffered before they'd finally died. He closed his eyes and tried to calm his stomach down. Tai put a hand on his shoulder. Izzy looked up and smiled.

>"Thanks, Tai," he whispered.

>Tai nodded. After a few minutes, Izzy took a few short notes on the article in order to remember it. He typed down the date of the funeral and everything for good measure. Tai left him like that since he had to go home.

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>A few days later, the group of Digidestined got together for a long-overdue reunion. They were all having the time of their lives on the beach. Matt managed to sneak up on Tai and drop a crab in his lap. Tai had quickly retaliated by chasing Matt all up and down the boardwalk. Mimi and Sora both went to get hair ties while Junpoo and Kyra helped Kari and TK build a sand castle.<br>  
>Izzy smiled, remembering how kind Junpoo's parents had been to take in Kyra. After all, nobody had been able to locate the girl's parents. So now Kyra and Junpoo were driving Mr. and Mrs. Hino completely crazy. However, they still enjoyed having the two of them in the house.<br>  
>Izzy was floating on his back in the water while Joe was boogie boarding somewhere off to his right. He closed his eyes and let the sunlight hit his light skin. Junpoo had always teased him about him needing a tan and to put on some muscle. To which he always retorted that girls liked pale and skin guys. Unknown to him, Junpoo had

gotten him a T-shirt that read as follows: "Chicks dig pale, skinny guys".<br>

>Izzy continued to float on his back until a pair of hands roughly grabbed him. Izzy barely had time to suck in air before he was yanked under. Figuring that Joe might've been ambitious enough to pull a prank on him, he only struggled a little bit. He looked at his captor, the salt burning his eyes. He couldn't make out a face, but this guy definitely wasn't Joe. This guy was much too tall.<br>

>With that realization, Izzy began to struggle even more to try to get out of the man's grip. However, the guy's hold was much too strong for him. He couldn't break free.<br>

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>Matt had seen someone grab Izzy and pull him under, but it had happened so fast that he couldn't tell who it was. He looked over and saw that Joe was still too far away to be the culprit and all the others were on the beach. He suddenly stopped, causing Tai to run right past him. He tore down the beach, yelling Izzy's name.<br>

>Junpuu and Kyra were on their feet faster than you could say "supercalifragilisticexpialidocious" (or however you spell that dang word). They joined Matt as he ran down the sandy beach.<br>

>"What's wrong?!" Junpuu demanded.<br>

>"Somebody just dragged Izzy under!" Matt replied.<br>

>The three of them swam as fast as they could to get out to their friend. The man, whoever he was, decided to hightail it out of there. He was gone before the kids could get a good view of him. Matt helped a struggling Izzy up to the surface and onto the beach, the two girls searching for the man.<br>

>Izzy coughed up a little water, but was otherwise okay. Joe aided the girls in their search, but the three of them came back to shore within a few minutes. The others ran up to them.<br>

>"What happened?!" Sora demanded.<br>

>"Somebody was trying to drown Izzy! WHAT DO YOU THINK HAPPENED?!" Junpuu snapped angrily.<br>

>"Cool it, Junpuu," Izzy ordered her quietly. She complied.<br>

>Kyra held up something in her hand.<br>

>"This was all we could find of the guy. A darn watch," she stated tossing it to Tai.<br>

>Tai's eyes widened. "A darn EXPENSIVE watch."<br>

>The watch itself had one of those symbols for being waterproof on it and was made of solid gold. Quartz crystal covered the watch face. It was still ticking away with its silver hands over a black onyx background. Even the Roman numeral numbers were gold! Engraved on the back of the watch face were the initials "J.C."<br>

>Kari gave Izzy a towel when she noticed that he was shaking. However she knew from the look in his eyes that it wasn't just the water temperature that caused him to shiver.<br>

>'Somebody tried to kill me,' Izzy thought.<br>

>Junpuu gave him a worried look.<br>

>"Are you okay, Izzy?"<br>

>"Yeah. Why wouldn't I be?"<br>

>Everybody could tell that that remark was meant to be sarcastic. They all knew that it wouldn't be okay until that sicko was caught.<br>

>AN: So what doth thou thinkith? I know you guys are probably going to hate me for life, but whatever. Anyway, this is good practice for me since I want to be a mystery writer when I grow up! :::skips away with the men in white coats::: BTW, this is sort of tied in with my other series. You'll see or you can have Kyra explain!

> <p><p>

## 2. The Truth Part 2

The Truth Part 2

>by Cybra<br>

>AN: You like this idea! You really like this idea! I feel so loved!!!

><br>Disclaimer: :::checks the things that she owns::: Big ol' Star Trek collection, a Beta fish named Koushiro, Digimon trading cards, a lot of CDs, a clarinet...nope. I don't own Digimon.

><br>Izzy's parents had gone ballistic when Izzy had told them about his near-drowning experience. The watch was in his pocket at the moment. That was his only clue to whoever had tried to drown him.

><br>"Mom, Dad, it was probably a once in a lifetime fluke. I'm sure that nobody wants to kill me," Izzy argued, holding his hands up towards his parents.

><br>The redhead had done well in hiding his shaking. The whole experience had unnerved him. However, Mr. and Mrs. Izumi were VERY serious about forcing him to stay at the apartment for a week, only allowing him to go out of the apartment for school. They didn't want to take any chances.

><br>Finally, his parents let him go to his room where Matt, Junpuu, and Kyra were waiting. He flopped down in the chair in front of his desk. The three children were looking at him, perched on the bed like three gargoyles on a building.

><br>"That went well," Kyra noted.

><br>Izzy sighed. "I can't go outside for a whole week! I'm going to miss the jazz and blues festival on Friday!"

><br>All that time in the Digiworld had not only given him a vast amount of knowledge on other dimensions, but introduced him to a new love of music. Junpuu had planted the seed originally when she had asked him to assist her in practicing for a talent show and that seed had germinated and grown under her watchful eye. Matt's playing on his harmonica had helped that love of music blossom fully. Izzy now owned a fairly impressive CD collection, all of those CDs were from different types of music.

><br>"We'll bring a video camera," Junpuu reassured him, patting the boy on the back. Then, her eyes glittered mischievously. "Got any Bob Marley?"

><br>"Leave. Be gone, foul demon," Izzy ordered flatly. Reggae wasn't his thing.

><br>Kyra and Matt laughed. Then the older boy grew serious. He held out his hand, asking a silent question. Izzy reached into his pocket and pulled out the expensive watch, placing it in the older boy's hand. Matt examined the watch once more.

><br>"From what I can figure out, the 'JC' are either the initials of a company or a name," Matt thought aloud.

><br>"Exactly what I was thinking, Matt," Izzy stated, nodding his head in agreement to Matt's thoughts. "Unfortunately, I don't know anyone with the initials 'JC'."

><br>They heard the doorbell ring. The group grew very quiet. It was almost like waiting for an evil Digimon to pounce and strike at them.



Kyra silently cursed to herself that she didn't have any backup just in case.

><br>'I may still have some of those powers, but they won't be enough,' she thought to herself grimly.

><br>They heard the yelp of a stranger and a new voice say, "Junsa! Relax! It's just me!!!"

><br>Izzy sweatdropped. Obviously, his mother had decided to try to attack whoever was at the door. The group of children walked out of his room to see a tall man standing there, his violet eyes wide as he stared at the shorter woman. Izzy let out a surprised yell as he saw his mother standing there with a frying pan raised. Mr. Izumi ran to the door and held his wife back.

><br>"Honey, relax! It's only Satoshi!" He gave the taller man a nervous smile as Mrs. Izumi blushed and then walked back to the kitchen. "Sorry about that."

><br>"It's all right, Osamu. Still, when did Junsa become an attack dog?"

><br>"Since today, I'm afraid. I'll explain this as quick as I can..."

><br>~~~~~

><br>Dr. Hotaru had been more than just extremely surprised at the site of a frying pan-wielding woman opening the door to him. However, she had the guts to raise the object as a weapon to a man who could've easily overpowered her. On the other hand, a concussion was something he didn't want.

><br>Mr. Izumi lead him into the family room and offered him a seat...which Dr. Hotaru gratefully accepted. He set the small stack of books he was carrying on his lap, putting his hands on top of them to prevent them from falling.

><br>His frown deepened as Osamu Izumi quickly explained how Kojiro's son had almost been drowned earlier that day.

><br>"So somebody tried to hold him under?" Dr. Hotaru asked.

><br>Mr. Izumi nodded. "All the kids with him confirmed it. The ones that saw it, that is."

><br>Dr. Hotaru's eyes widened again, but then settled back to normal. That's when he spotted a bit of red out of the corner of his eye. He looked over in that direction to see a bit of red hair hide behind a corner. He looked up at his friend.

><br>"Was that -?"

><br>"Yes, that was. I'm sure he's curious as to who you are." Mr. Izumi sighed. "He can be curious to a fault."

><br>Dr. Hotaru smiled widely. "I suffer from the same problem." He turned and said, "Come on out, Koushiro. I'm not that same guy."

><br>Dr. Hotaru was surprised when a short, almost 11 year-old child stepped out into view. He had his head cocked to one side as he studied the much taller man. Another boy came into view behind him, a blond this time, that had a wary look on his face. Two girls joined them.

><br>Dr. Hotaru raised an eyebrow. "You adopted more kids?"

><br>"No, they're friends of Izzy's."

><br>"Izzy'?"

><br>"A nickname someone gave him. It stuck." Mr. Izumi smiled as his son and his friends walked forward warily. "Izzy, this is Dr. Satoshi Hotaru; he's a scientist who studies the mind. He was also a friend

of your father's...and your godfather."

><br>Koushiro (or was it 'Izzy'?) sat down next to his father, the younger of the two girls perching up on the armrest next to him. The blond boy sat down between Dr. Hotaru and Koushiro while the other girl sat down on the floor in front of them. Her glasses slid slightly down her face which she angrily pushed back up. They slid right back down again.

><br>Dr. Hotaru thought he heard her mutter, "I never win."

><br>"Good evening, Dr. Hotaru," the redhead greeted formally.

><br>The scientist forced himself not to jerk in shock. That was not what your average child said as a greeting. Inwardly, the man smiled.

><br>'Of course,' he thought, 'Kojiro had been far from average in more ways than one.'

><br>"I'm sorry to intrude on you all, but I decided to stop by and say 'hello'. I haven't seen any of you in a long, long time. The only way I found you was when a teacher named Miss Naru submitted the results of an intelligence test to us."

><br>"Hey, Izzy! That's OUR teacher!" the younger girl exclaimed.

><br>Koushiro looked upwards at his higher-elevated friend. "True. Obviously she had us take that test for Dr. Hotaru's research."

><br>The girl rolled her eyes and commented sarcastically, "Obviously."

><br>"So you're Junpuu Hino. I knew that face looked familiar," Dr. Hotaru stated with a smile. "A pleasure to meet you. And the rest of you are...?"

><br>"I'm Kyra and sitting to your left is Matt," the girl on the floor said.

><br>"A pleasure to meet all of you," the scientist said sincerely. Then, his face grew serious. "Koushiro, I have something important that I want to give you. It...well, they belonged to your father Kojiro Izumi."

><br>Koushiro's dark eyes looked at him intently. The scientist lifted the books up and walked over to the young boy. He put them down next to him.

><br>"These are journals written by your father. In his will, Kojiro requested that I keep them until I thought the time was right to give them to you. I wanted to give them to you sooner, but you all had moved from Heighton View Terrace and didn't leave a forwarding address."

><br>Mr. Izumi shrugged. "We'd only been there for 6 months so we didn't see a point to it."

><br>"Understandable." He turned his attention back to the boy. "However, I'm sure that Kojiro...um...your father would want you to have these now."

><br>Junpuu glanced at her friend as he gently picked up one of the slightly-battered books and opened it. There was plenty of scribbles in there that had to be somebody's sloppy or hurried handwriting. He closed it and looked up at the scientist in front of them.

><br>"Thank you, sir," Izzy told Dr. Hotaru.

><br>The scientist nodded and smiled. "Well, I must be off. Call me sometime, okay, kiddo?"

><br>The boy raised a red eyebrow but nodded. That's when Dr. Hotaru left.

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>
Upon returning to the bedroom, Izzy began to flip through his father's journals quickly, skimming over the pages for something that Junpuu, Matt, and Kyra could only guess at. However, none of them dared disturb him. He was probably on the trail of something.

>
"Aha!" Izzy whispered to himself as he found what he was looking for.

>
He scribbled down on a notepad the name "Josephine Cleo". After flipping through the rest of the journals, he came up with the names "Jose Clarence", "Joseph Carlson", "John Clark," and "James Charles".

>
Matt noticed what his friend was doing. "That all of the 'J.C.' names in there?"

>
Izzy nodded. "They're mentioned several times in my father's journal which leads me to believe they might've, or might still be living, around here. Upon closer examination, I should be able to see how my father interacted with them."

>
"Smart boy," Junpuu said, nodding in agreement. "However, you should scratch off Josephine Cleo. First off, it was a MAN that held you under. Second off, she moved to the United States from what I read about her in the newspaper. She's an astrophysicist."

>
Izzy nodded and scratched off the woman's name. That left four names still on his list. Matt stood up.

>
"I'll go get a phone book."

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><br>"Creepy place..." Junpuu commented as they walked up to Jose Clarence's home.

><br>Kyra looked up at the run-down old building. It was just like those haunted houses you saw in the movies! Right down to the single window shutter beating against the side of the house in the wind. The girl gulped.

><br>"Out of the four addresses, we had to pick the creepiest one yet," Kyra muttered, trying to keep her teeth from chattering.

><br>They walked across the unkempt, dead lawn to the door, they noticed a raven up in the tree gazing down at them. Junpuu made a quick decision.

><br>"If it starts saying 'nevermore', make a run for it," she whispered.

><br>Kyra stifled a laugh as she knocked on the door. It creaked open.

><br>"Why do doors in creepy houses always have to do that?!" Junpuu asked while hiding behind her older friend.

><br>"Chicken..."

><br>"You're the one shaking, not me!"

><br>A wrinkly old woman peered down at them.

><br>"May I help you?" she asked quietly.

><br>"Um...yes...could we please speak to Professor Clarence, ma'am?" Junpuu asked, stepping out from behind Kyra.

><br>The woman's eyes narrowed, but she nodded. "He's out back."

><br>"Thank you, ma'am."

><br>When they finally made it to the backyard (they'd had to go

around in circles to avoid tripping over numerous gopher holes), Kyra inspected the area. It was unkempt (no surprise there) with dead trees and a rusted old swing set. She put her hands on her hips.

><br>"He's not out here!" she growled.

><br>"Yes, he is," came Junpuu's quiet voice. "Turn around."

><br>Kyra turned to be met with a tombstone which read "Jose Clarence. Good friend and loyal husband. 1920-1998." She looked confused.

><br>"Where's the grave itself? All I see is the tombstone."

><br>Junpuu's face was white. "You're standing on it."

><br>Kyra jumped to the right and noticed the partially raised earth where she'd been standing. She paled as well.

><br>"We're outta here!" she informed the younger girl.

><br>~~~~~  
~~~~~

>
Matt walked in two days later with the others to find Izzy reading one of his father's journals. He was squinting in order to make out the handwriting, but it was starting to get easier to read. Either his father's handwriting had gotten better...or his eyes were getting used to reading the sloppy writing.

>
"Hey, Izzy!" Tai greeted him cheerfully.

>
Izzy looked up to see them. He put a bookmark into his father's journal and set it down. Then, he turned his attention to his friends.

>
"Hey, guys! Did you learn anything?"

>
Joe sat down and took out a small notebook. He'd written down what everybody had found out about each person they'd interviewed "for a school project".

>
"Okay, first up is Professor Clarence. He's been dead for almost 2 years now and is currently buried in his backyard."

>
Izzy raised an eyebrow as Kyra and Junpuu both shivered.

>
"I stood on his grave," Kyra informed him.

>
Joe continued, "Dr. Carlson has recently won several prizes for his aid in forming complex equations needed to explain the traveling between Earth and the Digiworld. He's a mathematician. He WAS a candidate for the Nobel Peace Prize, but that was the same year that Professor Izumi won it instead." He paused. "When Tai and I interviewed him, he constantly tried to get us off the subject of that and other matters with your father."

>
Tai added, "He was a real weirdo, too. He constantly talked about how his nonlinear equation or whatever the heck it's called could create a way to make it easy to travel to other dimensions, like the Digiworld, without using Digivices or anything like them."

>
Izzy raised his eyebrow again at that.

>
"Okay...um...next is Dr. Clark, he's a physicist but deals mostly with quantum physics..." Joe began, but Mimi cut him off.

>
"Right now, he's living in a nursing home. He couldn't even remember what we were talking about half the time!"

>
"Yeah, it was kinda sad to see that," Sora said.

>
Joe continued, sighing slightly, "The last guy was Professor Charles, a mathematician. According to TK and Kari, he was bizarre as well."

>
"Yeah! He had an old picture of your dad, but it had a lot of holes in it so we couldn't see what he looked like," TK said apologetically.

>
Kari tactfully coughed to keep TK from babbling. "He doesn't like your dad very much. He said he used the picture for target practice by taping it to his dart board. Apparently, it's his favorite sport."

>
Izzy had visibly paled at that statement.

>
Tai either didn't notice or ignored that when he said, "Well that means Dr. Clark and Professor Clarence are off our list."

>
Matt was the next one to speak, "Okay, I did a little bit of homework myself."

>
Tai interrupted, "Yeah, I was wondering what you were doing while we were doing all the leg work."

>
"Believe it or not I was at the library, Tai, doing research." He left the room for a moment until he returned with a green backpack that was larger than TK's. "This is what I managed to find on the accident with your parents."

>
He opened the backpack and dumped out an impressive pile of notes and copied-off news articles onto the floor. The whole group's eyes widened.

>
"How'd you find all that stuff in a DAY?!" Tai asked.

>
"Easy. Izzy told me the date of the accident so all I had to do was find newspapers that covered the event."

>
Izzy picked up a newspaper article and shook his head. "I'm afraid I don't understand the logic in locating all this information on the accident, Matt."

>
Matt smiled. "Well, I had an idea..."

>
"Which means you DO think after all!" Tai interjected.

>
"SHUT UP, TAI!" Matt shouted before returning his train of thought back to what he was saying. "My idea was sorta based off your idea that whoever had tried to drown you knew your father."

>
Izzy nodded his head, silently urging him to continue.

>
"So maybe whoever tried to drown you had something to do with the car accident that killed your parents."

>
Matt watched as the already pale boy turned even whiter at the sound of that idea.

>
"You think that...the accident...was...PLANNED?"

>
The whole group was now on the edge of their seats. Matt tried to ignore the fact that about 9 sets of eyes were upon him as he nodded. Izzy's eyes were wide and showed off his realization of the same scenario Matt had come up with.

>
"So whoever...murdered..." he stumbled over the word, "my real parents tried to kill me."

>
"But why would that guy do that?" Joe demanded. "It makes no sense! Izzy didn't even KNOW he was adopted for about 9 years!"

>
Izzy's thoughtful voice cut through the arguing that followed.

>
"That man most likely doesn't know that. For all he knew, I could've read my father's journals and figured it out when I was older. He couldn't run the risk." His eyes widened. "And my parents may be in danger as well."

>
The team looked at each other. Kyra asked the obvious question.

>
"What do we do?"
>
Junpuu thought for a moment and snapped her fingers.
>
"We give this guy what he wants."
>
TO BE CONTINUED...
>
A/N: Oh! Me so evil! Oh! Me so evil! Oh! Me so evil! Me evil all day! ::::looks at people staring at her:::: I should shut up, right?
::::runs away from the stares::::
> <p><p>

3. The Truth Part 3

The Truth Part 3

>
by Cybra

>
A/N: I'm going to make this note as short as possible. So here's my short note: HI, EVERYBODY! There. I'm done being a dork.

>
Disclaimer: Let's think about this for a minute. If I owned Digimon, would I be writing fanfiction?

>
The whole group was completely silent.

>
Junpuu thought, 'I predict that the first thing Joe says is "Are you insane?".'

>
Joe spoke up first, "Are you INSANE?!"

>
'Knew it.'

>
Izzy thought for a moment. "That could work, but we'd have to be really careful about this."

>
Joe sputtered, "But, Izzy, that means you'd have to go OUT IN THE OPEN where that psycho could be hiding!"

>
Kyra nodded. "Yeah, but it would lure that guy into showing himself." Then she grew even more serious. "But the question is, how will we track you if you get nabbed?"

>
Izzy grinned and pulled out his trusty laptop. "It's very simple."

>
"Uh oh. He's going into computer-dork mode again," Mimi commented.

>
"As far as I can tell, every Digivice and Crest has its own power signature, but each Digivice has the same power signature as the Crest that goes with it."

>
"Izzy, this isn't the Digiworld!" Tai interrupted.

>
"Tai, pay attention and you'll see why I'm telling you this. I have actually managed to identify which wavelength of power is for each person by using the Digivice adapter on my computer to upload the power signatures of each Digivice."

>
Matt held up his hands. "Woah, woah, woah. Slow down. You're saying that the little adapter thing Gennai gave you for our Digivices not only can show you what Digimon we've seen, but also upload information on each Digivice?"

>
Izzy nodded. "Precisely. After returning home, I began working to see if there was a better way of tracking everybody than just following the dot on the screen of a Digivice. It took a little doing, but it worked."

>
He clicked a few keys and a screen popped up. It showed a layout of the apartment. 8 little dots of different colors appeared in one room on the screen.

>
"Each color represents each Crest. Green is Sincerity, pink is Light, red is Love, orange is Courage, gray is Reliability, blue is Friendship, yellow is Hope, and purple is Knowledge."

>
"Why couldn't mine have been pink?" Mimi asked.

>
Izzy gave her a funny look. "I was really tempted, but I decided to go by the colors of the Crests." He turned his attention back to

the screen. "The farther apart we are, the more general the map becomes. So when we get closer together, we get a clearer picture of where we all are."

>
"I think I see what you're getting at, old bean, and it's positively brilliant!" Junpoo exclaimed in a really fake British accent.

>
"Aren't my ideas ALWAYS brilliant?" he asked.

>
Junpoo stuck her tongue out at him before she continued. "As I was saying, we can track you by your Digivice according to what you've told us." She grinned. "And from all the dots, I'd say you guys all still wear your Digivices."

>
Tai shrugged and answered for them. "Force of habit."

>
Kyra leaned forward intently. "But all the colors could confuse somebody if you're not careful."

>
"Which is why if I type in a specific Crest name..." his voice trailed off as he typed in "Friendship". All the colored dots disappeared except for the blue dot. He smiled as he said, "I can just look at one dot."

>Tai grinned. "Well, I guess we can pull it off! When do we start?!"

>~~~~~
~~~~~<br>

>Izzy sat reading one of his father's journals just outside the park. Nearby, Junpoo took her turn to watch the screen of his laptop. A single purple dot was all the color on the screen. She briefly wondered how Izzy could stand looking at the screen for several hours at a time.<br>

>"Excuse me, but could you tell me where the university is?" a man asked Izzy from his car.<br>

>Izzy set the journal down as he stood up and walked over to the driver. "Actually, you're pointed in the wrong direction." He pointed in the opposite direction. "The university's that way."<br>

>Before the boy could even blink, the man gripped his hand and yanked him into the car. Izzy's head hit the passenger side window, knocking him senseless.<br>

>The last thing he heard was, "Oh, but I AM going in the right direction, Izumi."<br>

>~~~~~  
~~~~~<br>

>Matt raced towards the car, Tai at his side. They had been walking towards the park to ask Joe if anything had happened. Tai gasped.

>"That's Professor Carlson's car! I remember it was sitting in his driveway!"

>The car sped away. Junpoo ran into view, the laptop open in her hands.

>"He's heading towards the bridge that goes to Heighton View Terrace on the west side!"

>Tai and Matt exchanged a glance.

>"That's the same bridge that Sora's cousin shoved Izzy off by accident!" Tai exclaimed.

>Matt smacked his hand to his forehead. "I knew that bridge's name sounded familiar! Tai, that's the same bridge Izzy's real parents had their accident on! The car went off the bridge and crashed into the water!"
Joe pulled up on his scooter.

>
"Somebody needs to hop on and tell me where to go! I'll drive you there!"
>
"Matt, take the laptop and get onto Joe's scooter with him! Junpuu, you're with me! I need you to call Izzy's parents while I call the police!"
>
Junpuu handed the laptop quickly to Matt and took off running with Tai.
>
"Good luck!" Matt called as he jumped onto the back of Joe's scooter.
>
That's when Matt realized something was wrong with this picture. Joe wasn't wearing a helmet and didn't have a helmet for him.

>
"Joe...?"
>
"I was in such a rush, I forgot! Besides, it's either break the law or allow Izzy to die!"
>
They sped along the back streets and alleyways to avoid the cops. Matt called directions to Joe as they kept going. Finally, the little purple dot on the screen stopped moving. It had stopped on the bridge.
>
"Joe! Izzy's on the bridge!"
>
"Then that's where Carlton's gonna kill him! Hang on tight!"

>
Matt felt the wind whip in his face even more as Joe literally buried the needle on his scooter. Joe was too afraid for Izzy to notice that he should be fearing for himself and Matt. One mistake at this speed could end in disaster. However, the adrenaline coursing threw the teenager's veins allowed his reflexes to become fast enough to control the scooter. Time was running out.

>
~~~~~
~~~~~  
><br>Izzy regained awareness as he tried to move, but couldn't. He opened his eyes to find that whoever this guy was had tied him up in the back seat of the car.  
><br>"Well, well, well, it appears you're awake. Good. I wanted to hear you scream like I heard both your parents screaming that night," came a British-accented voice.  
><br>"Who are you?" Izzy demanded.  
><br>"Don't you remember? Oh, that's right. We met when you were only 5 months old so of course you wouldn't remember me. I'm Professor Joseph Carlson." Professor Carlson smiled. "Naughty boy. You were supposed to be in the car that night. Oh, well. I shall correct that problem this time."  
><br>Izzy tried to wriggle free, but to no avail. The deranged mathematician laughed.  
><br>"I'm afraid that won't work. So sorry." His smile broadened. "You see, 10 years ago on this very same bridge your parents were driving along when they had a little accident. I was driving along behind them, waiting for a chance to 'accidentally' run them off the road when the car ahead of them stalled. I used the opportunity to knock the car off the bridge, just to make sure that they died." His frown faded. "But then that idiot Satoshi showed several of Kojiro's friends and I that picture of you. That's when I realized that you hadn't died with your parents. So now, I'm going to fix that mistake."  
><br>Izzy looked around the car. He had the strangest feeling of deja vu. The car was an old car, probably 10 years old.  
><br>"Remember this car? Well, it's an exact copy of the one your parents died in." Professor Clarence smiled. "Have a nice trip. Say



'hello' to your parents for me!"

><br>The boy watched in horror as the mathematician leaned opened the driver's side door and turned on the ignition. The car instantly came to life. The man picked up a cement brick and placed it on the gas pedal, flooring it. As the wheels spun and tried to catch the road, he slammed the door shut.

><br>That's when the wheels caught and the car surged forward. Izzy began screaming as he looked through the windshield to see the edge of the bridge getting closer and closer. He heard over his screaming the buzz of a motor scooter. He looked back to see Joe and Matt riding on Joe's scooter.

><br>"Matt! Joe!" Izzy yelled in fear.

><br>He heard the sound of gunshots as the car broke through the railing on the bridge.

><br>~~~~~

><br>Professor Carlson smiled as he watched the car go over the edge. The funny part was that the car was probably going at the same speed the first car had been going at, but that was definitely the same section of railing that had to be replaced after the original accident. That's when he saw a motor scooter with two kids riding towards him.

><br>He quickly pulled out his hand gun and fired two shots, hitting the front tire of the scooter. It went out of control. The one up front quickly killed the engine and slammed on the breaks.

><br>"Hang on, Matt!" the boy yelled to the second boy.

><br>The blond held on even tighter as the blue-haired boy jerked the bike into a spin. Finally, the scooter stopped, leaving two dizzy and only slightly injured boys behind.

><br>"Joe, you keep him busy! I'll get Izzy!"

><br>The blue-haired boy, obviously Joe, nodded and cautioned, "Be careful, Matt! That water has to be freezing!"

><br>"Right! As soon as I'm in the water with Izzy, get running and find a phone booth or something. Call the police and tell them where we are!"

><br>Joe nodded again and ran across the road. The other boy put something yellow on the ground and then ran towards the side where the car had gone over. Professor Carlson moved the gun from boy to boy, unsure of who to shoot. That's when Matt leaped off the bridge in a perfect dive. At the same time, Joe made a run for it.

><br>The mathematician fired off several shots, but wasn't able to hit the blue-haired boy. He ran over to the section of railing that had been ripped off. He gazed down into the water to see the blond hit the water.

><br>~~~~~

><br>Matt felt the shock of the cold water as he dove in. Joe hadn't been kidding! He saw the car below him as it continued to sink. There must've been a leak somewhere letting water in. As he swam downwards, he saw that the windshield had spider-webbed because of the pieces of railing. Inside the car was a struggling Izzy.

><br>Matt swam as fast as he could, trying to ignore the burning in his lungs. He had to make it! He had to! Finally, he managed to catch up to the car and held onto the side mirror on the passenger side.

>Izzy's dark eyes were wide with pure terror. It was very understandable. He was sure he was about to die. Matt knocked on the window.<br>

>"Matt! The water's coming in!" Izzy yelled, panicked.<br>

>It was true, the water had already come in up to the younger boy's chest, within moments it'd be over his head. Matt knew that they'd have to wait before he could get Izzy free. What had Izzy said about water pressure? Something about the pressure having to be equal on both sides before you could break the glass.<br>Izzy grabbed his last gulp of air as the water surged over his head. He didn't struggle so he didn't waste precious oxygen. He reasoned that Matt's lungs must've been on fire by now. At last, the water had filled up the car.

><br>Matt grabbed a piece of debris and smashed in the windshield. Grabbing a piece of shattered windshield, he swam to where Izzy was tied up. After quickly cutting the boy loose, the two of them swam as fast as their bodies would allow them towards the surface.

><br>"AIR! AIR! AIRAIRAIRAIRAIRAIR!!!!" Matt's lungs seemed to scream as his muscles screamed for respite.

><br>'Almost there! I'm almost there!' Matt thought, trying to appease his lungs.

><br>When Matt thought he wouldn't be able to hold his breath any longer, he broke the surface, Izzy right behind him. The two boys gasped for air gratefully as they swam towards the shore. They heard the curses from the man above them as he ran towards the ladder leading down to the dock near the bridge.

><br>~~~~~  
~~~~~

>
"What do you MEAN 'Is this some kind of joke?'?!?!?!?! This is SERIOUS!!!!!!" Tai shouted into the phone. "There is a guy named Professor Joseph Carlson who is trying to KILL my friend Koushiro Izumi!!!" Junpoo listened intently as he paused. "NO, I AM NOT ON DRUGS!!!"

>
Junpoo grabbed the receiver. "Officer, please! This is a full-fledged emergency! We don't want to tie up the line, but we need you guys to come right away!"

>
"Look, kid. We get crank calls all the time on stuff like this. If we tried to check out every one, we'd be missing the REAL calls."

>
"But, sir, this is for REAL! I swear on the holy bible!!!"

>
"Kid, this isn't funny..." His voice trailed off as someone whispered to him. Junpoo couldn't hear what they were saying. After a few moments of whispering, the officer asked, "Did you say 'Izumi'?"

>
"YES!!!" she shouted, annoyed.

>
"We just got a call from the kid's parents sayin' that somebody was going after him. Where is he now?" the officer demanded.

>
"I DON'T KNOW!!! Joe or Matt should be calling you any minute now!"

>
The officer stared at the phone in disbelief. For the first time, the attempted murder prank wasn't a prank. It was real. Now, these kids had no clue where the victim was? Great...

>
That's when another phone rang. A lady officer picked it up.

>
"Police," she answered briskly. "Attempted homicide on the Hikarigama Bridge? Who is this? Joe Kiddo? Hold please..."

>
"That's the Joe that kid must've been talking about!" He turned on his radio. "Unit 5, get to the Hikarigama Bridge immediately!!! This is an emergency! Attempted homicide!"

>
The lady officer turned back to Joe on the phone, "Don't worry. Your friend will be just fine."

>
~~~~~
~~~~~

><br>Matt laid on the dock gasping for breath, knowing that he was wasting precious time, but he needed time to gain his breath back. Both of them had almost drowned! Izzy tried to stand up next to him.

><br>"We've...gotta...get...outta...here," Izzy said while panting.

><br>"Too late," a cold voice informed him.

><br>A gunshot rang out as Izzy leaped to the side. Matt, suddenly full of energy, rolled out of the way. As TK would've said, this was scarier than the movies!

><br>Professor Carlson fired off two more shots before Matt leaped to his feet and tackled the scientist. The two of them began to fight, using whatever they could to fight. Matt was younger, but Professor Carlson had the strength of madness on his side. He'd come so close to finishing the job that he wasn't going to quit just yet.

><br>As the scientist and blond fought, Izzy watched the battle in horror. He longed to hear the sounds of the police sirens above them. Then maybe he could've been able to yell for help. However, that prospect didn't sound too good at the moment. His throat was still sore from screaming.

><br>When Matt was thrown off the crazy scientist, Izzy took a step forward to help his friend...only he almost slipped on something on the ground. He glanced down to see that his foot had stepped on something metallic.

><br>'The gun...' he thought.

><br>The redhead had always told himself that violence didn't solve anything, but right now...now he wanted to blow this guy's head off. He bent down and picked the gun up in his hand.

><br>Professor Carlson laughed, "Foolish boy! I'll kill Izumi and then you!"

><br>That's when he turned to see the business end of his handgun pointed about 3 feet away from his face. Not enough room to dodge and the gun was out of reach. The mathematician gulped.

><br>Matt looked to see what had suddenly frightened the scientist when he saw Izzy standing there with a gun in his right hand. Izzy's left hand was on his right wrist in order to keep his aim steady. In his dark eyes, Matt saw the pure rage and hatred at this one man.

><br>TO BE CONTINUED...

><br>A/N: Creepy! I wonder what's going to happen next!!! :::thinks for a moment::: Wait a sec., I'M writing this thing!!! I should know!!! Well, R&R if you don't mind.

> <p><p>

#### 4. The Truth Part 4

><br>by Cybra

><br>A/N: We're either at the last part or next to the last part. I'm not sure which. For your information, in total, this is the longest dang fic I've ever wrote! Unless you count my other series...

><br>Disclaimer: Let's think about this for a second, shall we? Why on earth would the owner of Digimon be writing fanfiction?

><br>Professor Joseph Carlson froze up, eyes wide. Matt had frozen up as well, not believing what his eyes told him. Izzy? Holding a gun? At somebody's HEAD?! Unreal!

><br>Izzy's eyes narrowed. Matt saw the pent-up rage in those dark eyes lighting them up, making them appear like fiery gems. Izzy's arm never wavered, but he didn't shoot. Matt didn't care. The older boy knew that the second that Izzy fired was the second the younger boy's life would be over.

><br>'I've got to talk him out of it...' Matt realized, seeing the cold, unflinching look his friend was giving his real parents' murderer.

><br>"Izzy! Put the gun down, I'll knock this guy out, and we'll get the cops. Okay?"

><br>"No."

><br>That single syllable seemed to hold all the emotions of a rock. Professor Carlson was practically wetting his pants. If the boy's finger slipped, his head would be blown off. Judging by the look in the child of his hated rival, that was EXACTLY what the boy wanted to do.

><br>"C'mon, Izzy. Don't scare me here," Matt pleaded. "Put the gun down and we'll get the cops. Okay?"

><br>Izzy only moved his eyes to look at Matt. "And then what? Somehow he'll get off; he has a large amount of influence. Then he might come after me again. I'm not afraid of that, Matt, but I'm afraid of what he'll do to my parents. What if he decides that they knew something, huh? Then he'll go after them exactly the same way. I WON'T let that happen!"

><br>"If I may say something...?" the tiny voice of Professor Carlson said.

><br>Izzy turned his eyes back to the mathematician in front of him. The scientist had inched his way up towards Izzy in the brief conversation with Matt.

><br>"If you let me go, I'll do anything you want. Anything! Just name it!"

>Izzy's face, what used to be a mask of non-emotion, suddenly seemed to twist and distort until it was the perfect description of pure and unbridled hatred.<br>

>He hissed at the scientist, "Before anything happens, I want to know why you thought my father had to die."<br>

>The mathematician gulped, but obliged. The holder of the gun may have been a child, but he STILL was holding the gun. By inching forward, Professor Carlson was now in point-blank range.<br>

>"Your father...he and other scientists rigged the results of all those prizes he stole from me! It was supposed to have been ME as the shining star of science!!!"<br>

>Izzy gave a bitter laugh. "Not from what I read about you. According to my father's journals, your methods were sloppy, your results were highly questionable, and you only cleaned that stuff up after you lost the Nobel Peace Prize." He raised an eyebrow. "If I remember correctly, my father also found out that you were diagnosed as a paranoid schizophrenic." He paused before he added a sarcastic, "Everybody was out to get you, weren't they?" <br>

>Professor Carlson looked pleadingly at Matt. The boy felt sympathy for his fear, but not for what he had done. Still, Izzy had to be stopped from pulling the trigger, but the blond wasn't going to stop the younger boy for Professor Carlson's sake. Matt was going to stop Izzy for Izzy's own sake.<br>

>"Izzy, just put down the gun and everything will be just fine," Matt told him soothingly.<br>

>Izzy didn't answer this time. He wanted to see Professor Carlson dead, buried, and rotting away to nothing. He cocked the gun. The scientist in front of him visibly trembled.<br>

>Matt didn't know what to do. Talking Izzy out of it wasn't working. He needed to snap him out of this, but what?<br>

>That's when Matt remembered one time when Tai had gotten so fed up with Izzy's calm demeanor, he'd actually punched the shorter Digidestined. (AN: Okay, think of it this way: it's the infamous Tai-punches-Izzy scene from "The Crest of Light" done in front of the others which will be written in a future fic by me. The reason Tai punches Izzy is because...well...you'll see...)<br>~~~~~

><br>7 MONTHS AGO...

><br>Matt looked up to see Tai having a heated debate with Izzy (well, heated on Tai's part). Izzy was trying to get the older boy to calm down and think things through, but Tai wasn't listening.

><br>"I still think that we should go through the mountain pass!!!" Tai shouted at the smaller boy.

><br>"Tai, if we go through that pass, we'll be setting ourselves up for an easy attack, you KNOW that."

><br>"It's the quickest way to get to Gennai's place! Besides, Kari and TK are too sick to go over the mountain by any other route!"

><br>"IF YOU WOULD JUST..." Izzy took a deep breath and calmed himself down. "If you would just listen, Tai, you'd see what I'm trying to do."

><br>Matt frowned. TK had picked up whatever Kari had from some time when they'd played together. Now the both of them looked terrible. Another thing that worried him was that usually it was he and Tai fighting, not Tai and Izzy. Izzy was doing his best to keep Tai from exploding, but it wasn't working well. From the look in Tai's eye, he was ready to make the fight physical.

><br>"IF YOU'D LISTEN TO ME FOR TWO SECONDS INSTEAD OF GOING ON YOUR STUPID COMPUTER...!!!" Tai yelled.

><br>Izzy winced at the volume of Tai's voice. However, the computer thing had also been a low blow. Kyra began to walk up to them, but Tai shoved her back.

><br>"Izzy, I can't believe you would risk TK and Kari!!!" Tai snarled.

><br>"I'm trying NOT to put TK and Kari at risk!!! Seiya and his group are still out there! If you would just listen..."

><br>"I'M SICK OF LISTENING TO YOU!!!"

><br>The whole group watched in frozen shock as Tai quickly pulled back his fist and punched the smaller Izzy in the eye. Izzy stumbled back, his hand covering his wounded eye. Tai ran forward and began to trip the younger boy, letting out all of his frustrations on Izzy without even realizing it. Junpui's jaw dropped to the ground as Tai kicked Izzy's legs out from beneath him.

><br>"Stop it, Tai!" Sora shouted.

><br>Matt finally unfroze himself as he ran forward to try and stop the angered Tai. He didn't make it in time to prevent a painful blow to the stomach.

><br>"Tai, knock it off! He's trying to help!!!" Matt snapped as he grabbed Tai, pulling him backwards.  
><br>That brought Tai back to his senses. He'd managed to land more blows than he'd thought on Izzy. The younger boy was holding his stomach, his face twitching in pain. Cybra looked madder than Hades. Kyra and Junpuu looked about twice as mad. Tentomon looked like he wanted to fry Tai.  
><br>Tai immediately looked remorseful. He leaned over to help Izzy and look into the boy's face. Izzy's dark eyes were tightly squeezed shut as he tried to control the pain, but not succeeding at all. Tai used his hand to get Izzy to look at him.  
><br>"Izzy...man, I'm sorry. I..."  
><br>Tai didn't finish as Izzy opened his eyes. Those dark eyes gave little testimony to the great agony the redhead must've been feeling.

><br>"It's okay...Tai...I...guess my plan...wouldn't have...worked...anyway..."  
><br>Tai bit his bottom lip, then said, "No, Izzy. I'm sure it would work. I'm sorry I hit you..." Tai seemed to come to a decision.  
"Izzy, I want you to hit me. Right now."  
><br>Izzy's eyes narrowed. "No way...I won't...sink that low...Violence has never solved...anything. I'm not...gonna hit ya, Tai."  
><br>"I'll hit ya, Tai," Cybra growled.  
><br>"I'll help," Kyra added.  
><br>"It would make my day," Junpuu snarled.  
><br>"I wouldn't mind taking a few swipes myself," Tentomon commented, green eyes glaring.  
><br>Tai only gulped.

><br>~~~~~  
><br>PRESENT DAY  
><br>Matt thought about Izzy's words as time seemed to stand still. Who knew when Izzy would pull the trigger? Instead, Matt decided to speak up.  
><br>"Izzy, you once said to Tai that violence never solved anything. Shooting this guy will only bring on more problems. Are you sure you want that?"  
><br>Izzy's aim wavered for a moment, then he lowered the gun, handing it to Matt who had slowly inched his way up beside his friend. When Professor Carlson looked like he was going to jump for the gun, Matt punched him in the face, knocking the scientist out.

><br>At the same time, Izzy turned his head away from Matt, his shoulders shaking as he cried. The older boy rubbed his back soothingly, telling him that everything was all right. That's when the calvary finally arrived. Never mind the fact that it was late. There were also paramedics there in case someone had gotten hurt. The Izumis' car pulled up with the police vehicles and two very worried parents hopped out.  
><br>Junpuu, Tai, and Joe were the first three to make it down to the dock from the bridge. Junpuu went over to her friend and pulled him close to her. Izzy didn't pull away, not like he normally would've. He just wanted to cry.  
><br>Matt handed the gun to one of the police officers. Officer Tsukino examined the gun. She shook her head.  
><br>"You kids are lucky he ran out of bullets."  
><br>'Ran out of bullets?' Matt wondered.  
><br>When Officer Tsukino had finished asking him questions, he turned back to Izzy who looked totally drained. His tears had been shed and his anger had fizzled out, leaving him completely empty.

Matt bent down a little to look into Izzy's eyes.

><br>"Izzy? You knew the gun wasn't loaded, didn't you?"

><br>Izzy nodded silently.

><br>"Then...why'd you act like you were going to shoot him?"

><br>"I wanted him...to know what it's like...to be toyed with."

><br>~~~~~

><br>Two weeks passed and the day of Izzy's birthday arrived. Mimi arrived at the Izumi apartment with Sora. Both of them were running late.

><br>"We're sorry, Mrs. Izumi! Did you cut the cake without us?" Mimi asked.

><br>Mrs. Izumi shook her head, a worried look in her eye.

><br>"Junpuu, Kyra, and Izzy haven't come back yet from wherever they've gone."

><br>Junpuu and Kyra had taken on the job of keeping Izzy out of the house until everything was ready. They were supposed to have returned at 5 o'clock, about 10 minutes ago, but they were still nowhere in sight. What had struck Mrs. Izumi as odd was that Izzy had put a bit of money in his pocket before he left. As far as she knew, her son hadn't taken up shopping as a past time.

><br>"That is weird," Sora commented. She smiled. "I'm sure they'll be back soon!"

><br>That's when the phone rang. Mr. Izumi picked up after the 3rd ring when everybody had quieted down.

><br>"Hello?" he asked.

><br>"Mr. Izumi? It's Kyra."

><br>"Where are you three?"

><br>"We're at a cemetery up on the east side of Odaiba. Izzy finally found their graves."

><br>Mr. Izumi's face fell. He'd been hoping that wasn't what his son had wanted to do when Junpuu and Kyra said they'd do anything with him for the day. Izzy had been somewhat obsessed with finding his real parents' graves after Professor Carlson had been tried and convicted of two counts of murder and at least one count of attempted murder.

><br>"Can you get him back here?"

><br>"Yeah, but it'll take a bit to get over there. Sorry."

><br>"It's not your fault." Mr. Izumi sighed. "Just hurry."

><br>"Roger. Will go." Kyra hung up.

><br>Mr. Izumi turned to the group and sighed.

><br>"He should be here in at least thirty minutes."

><br>Dr. Hotaru frowned. "He went to visit them, didn't he?"

><br>The shorter man nodded, then asked, "Did you tell him...?"

><br>"No. I didn't. He found them all on his own."

><br>~~~~~

><br>Junpuu and Kyra exchanged worried glances as they saw Izzy standing there nearby two graves joined by one tombstone. A bouquet of roses had been lovingly placed in the holder designed for that purpose but never used. In fact, it looked as though nobody had cleaned the gravestone in 10 years.

><br>The tombstone read: "Kojiro and Ami Izumi, Together 'Till the Bitter End".

><br>Izzy closed his eyes and thought, somehow knowing his parents

would hear him, 'Mother, Father...I'd call you "Mom" and "Dad", but I know you understand. I'm so sorry I didn't find you sooner. I hope you're satisfied...knowing that Carlson is finally behind bars, where he should be. I just wish...I knew you...in person. Father, your journals are helping me piece together what you and Mother were like, but...it's not the same. I know that wishing...is illogical...but I just...want to meet you...just once.'

><br>Kyra's voice gently cut into his thoughts.

><br>"Izzy, it's time we get going home now."

><br>Izzy opened his dark eyes and nodded. Junpoo put an arm around his shoulder before he could protest.

><br>"Izzy?" she began.

><br>"Yeah?"

><br>"You know that your parents are proud of you, right?"

><br>"Right."

><br>Kyra smiled, catching on to what Junpoo was getting at. "Well, Junpoo and I both know that Kojiro and Ami Izumi are both VERY proud of you."

><br>Izzy clenched his hands into fists, forcing back the tears. All three children were silent on the way to the Izumi apartment.

><br>~~~~~

><br>A young boy with red hair stayed up late that night doing something other than typing away at his yellow Pineapple laptop for once. He had a blank notebook (a gift from Dr. Hotaru) in front of him as he continued to write in it. Finally, he stopped, amazed that he was able to write more than three pages of his thoughts, hopes, and dreams.

><br>The boy set his new journal aside and picked up one of the battered old journals of his father. His parents had gone out for a while so he was alone. He began to read out loud to himself to fill up the silence.

><br>"I have never seen such a small child! I think he's absolutely perfect! Koushiro already has a small amount of red hair on him, much to Ami's disappointment. She had hoped he'd have her brown hair. So had I, but the bright red hair made him stand out against her as she held him close soon after he was born. Never mind the fact that he was born about a week early. I guess he really wanted to make it on time..."

><br>The boy's voice trailed off as he heard an unfamiliar voice say in sync with him "...he really wanted to make it on time..."

><br>Izzy looked up to see a figure of a man with bright, wild red hair and dark eyes before him. The man wasn't very tall for what his age appeared to be (which was about 25). Next to him, a bit taller than him, was a strange woman with long brown hair that fell to her waist. It was tied back into a French braid. Both of them looked like they were ready for a night on the town.

><br>That's when Izzy realized it. He could almost see right through them.

><br>"Who are you?" the boy whispered, afraid.

><br>The man frowned. "I knew you wouldn't recognize us, but it still hurts."

><br>The woman elbowed him and leaned forward to stroke Izzy's hair. He could feel the warmth in that touch even though he shouldn't have been able to. Her deep blue eyes looked into his own dark eyes.

><br>"I'm your mother and that's your father."

><br>Izzy had never seen a picture of his real parents before in his



life, but knew that the specter was telling the truth. The Crest of Knowledge, still hanging proudly around his neck, was glowing slightly for some reason. But it was them. It was really them.

><br>His father leaned forward and smiled a warm smile on him. "Look how you've grown." He gave a slight chuckle. "You're about as short as I was at that age!" The ghost glanced at the clock. It was 11:58. "One minute to go before you're officially 11."

><br>Izzy nodded, but gazed in wonderment at his parents. "You guys...really heard me..."

><br>His mother nodded and reached her ghostly arms out to hug him. He tried to hug her back and was surprised when he found something remotely solid there. His father joined in. Izzy wanted to bury his face into his real parents' clothing and feel flesh and blood, but knew that it didn't work that way. A few stray tears fell from his eye.

><br>"It's okay, Koushiro..." his mother whispered, using the name that she was used to calling him by. "It's okay...We'll always be there for you..."

><br>"Really...?" he whispered back, his voice hoarse.

><br>"Even though you don't see us, we're always watching you," Kojiro Izumi agreed with his wife. "And don't forget that Osamu and Junsu are there for you as well, Koushiro."

><br>Even though Izzy wanted time to stop just for a little while, time moved on just like it always did. It was now 11:59 PM, the exact time of his birth.

><br>"Happy Birthday, Koushiro," Ami Izumi told him.

><br>"Happy Birthday, son," her husband said happily.

><br>"Thank you, Mother, Father." He gasped when he saw them beginning to fade. "NO! Don't go yet!!!"

><br>"We have to, son. I wish we could stay longer, but we can't..." Ami told him sadly as she faded away to nothingness.

><br>"Goodbye, Koushiro! And remember, we're always proud of you!" Kojiro told Izzy, meaning every word he said.

><br>Izzy watched as his father continued to vanish, his Crest of Knowledge still glowing slightly. When Kojiro finally disappeared, the glow had disappeared as well.

><br>When Izzy held it up to his eye, something that sounded like Cybra's voice asked in his head, Was that what you wanted for your birthday, Izzy?

><br>"Yes."

><br>And are you happy, Izzy?

><br>Izzy's bottom lip quivered as he remembered all those memories of sadness, loneliness, and heartbreak, then the recent memory of meeting his real parents.

><br>"Yes..." he whispered. "I'm happy."

><br>THE END...

><br>A/N: I don't know about you guys, but I got all teary-eyed writing the ending. And let me tell you something, I didn't cry when Bambi's mom got shot when I was about 5 years old! I DON'T usually cry at stuff like this!

> <p><p>

End  
file.